

# THE FIVE MILLION

BY GUY BOLTON AND FRANK MANDEL

**A Soldier Hero Is Reported Dead; a Hated Rival Steals His Fiancee; His Own Brother Steals Some Bonds and Shifts the Blame to the Hero. Yet, He Overcame These Obstacles and More, and Marries—Another Girl**

(Recreation by William A. Page of the play now being presented at the Lyric Theatre.)  
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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.  
The village of Clinton Falls is celebrating the return of the hero, Doug Adams, a former insurance agent, while Ruth Hunter mourns the absence of her husband, a former insurance agent, who has been reported dead in a German prison camp. Phil Bishop, chief of the town, returns with a French bride, Nina, and at last "Mack" appears and Rhy falls in the arms of his fiancee.

**CHAPTER III.**  
RHY MACDONALD was genuinely fond of his husband, in spite of his proclivities for dissipation and general sense of irresponsibility. During the old days in Clinton Falls, when he had assured her so eloquently of the difficult work of conducting an insurance agency, she had believed him. At the urgent request of the division superintendent of the insurance company in Albany, she had agreed to undertake Mack's work in his absence.

Thus, after eighteen months of service as an insurance agent, it was a new Rhy who stepped back from her big handsome husband, and gazed at him proudly yet with some curiosity.

"Why, Mack," she exclaimed, "you have grown fat!"  
Phil Bishop let out a roar of laughter.

"Why wouldn't he grow fat? Wasn't he the company cook?" he cried.

"Yes, and many a hand-out I gave to you," retorted Mack, somewhat abashed. "It was that list of favorite dishes you gave me, probably saved my life, Rhy."

"How was that?"

"Why, I was detailed with the kitchen police," explained Mack, sitting down on a desk and giving every one a cordial greeting.

"Yes," admitted Rhy, thoughtfully, "and when you left here you couldn't even cook up an excuse."

"Got pretty tired of knowing I was merely somewhere in France, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Macdonald. "I wouldn't say that. Before the war, when you were here, the best I usually knew was that you were merely 'Somewhere in Clinton Falls.'"

Rhy put on her hat and Mack gazed at her admiringly. "It certainly was wonderful of the firm to keep you on in my place all the time I was gone, and pay you my full salary just the same," said Mack.

"And why shouldn't they? I've written them twice as many policies as you ever did in the same length of time, and I've been able to get through my work without having to spend two nights a week at the office as you did."

"Well, well, that's fine," admitted Mack, somewhat taken aback. "I'm glad you did me credit. I certainly appreciate the way you've held the

job for me. A good many fellows that aren't as lucky as I am have lost their positions."

Rhy surveyed him coldly and deliberately. "Well, they've got nothing on you, darling," she said, softly.

"What do you mean, dearest?" "I mean," she retorted, calmly, "you had better turn over the newspapers to the Help Wanted—Male columns and get yourself a new position."

"But, Rhy," pleaded Mack, piteously, "haven't you any patriotism? I fought for my country and you take my job away from me."

Mack made a sad grimace as he rose to his feet. "I sure enough was a come-on when I asked you to keep my job warm for me. And me sitting over in France worrying how the poor little dear was getting on without me."

"And you thought your fighting days were over," Phil remarked, "just because you're going to take off that tin derby."

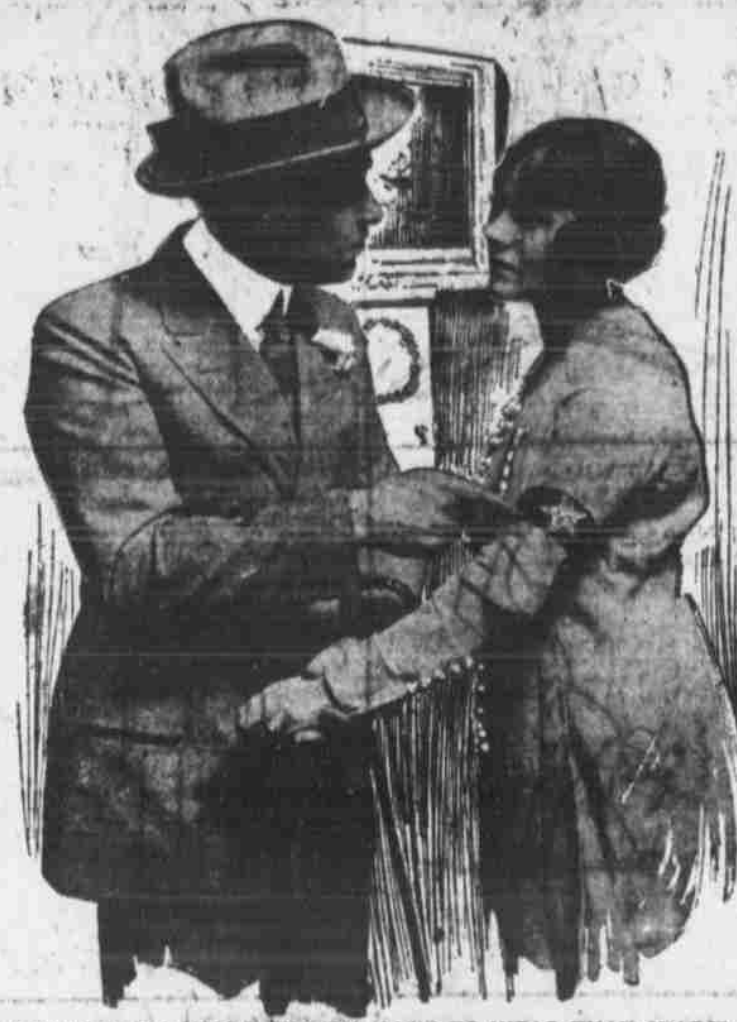
Mack straightened up and gave a military salute.

"Instead of that, Sergeant," he wailed, "oh, Argonne, I think I hear you calling me! Out of the fire into the frying pan."

## CHAPTER IV.

RUTH HUNTER'S back was toward the door as she arranged the flowers on the desk at the end of the school room. Thus it happened that she did not hear the footsteps of a natty young man in a gray suit of civilian clothes that seemed in sharp contrast to the uniforms which had so lately dominated the room. The young chap was about twenty-six, rather sporty in appearance, with a necktie, a

trifle too loud, and shoes of an extreme type with gray uppers. He stole up behind Ruth with a smile and suddenly clasped her in his arms.



"HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU HAVE TO WEAR THAT START" INQUIRED BERT WEAVER.

She gave a little cry of surprise, turned and evaded him when he tried to kiss her.

"Be careful, Bert!" she cautioned him, looking swiftly around and seem-

ing relieved when she made sure the school room was empty.

"Oh, the deuce with people and what they say," replied the young man, "I'm sick of all this secrecy and cas-

tion. We're engaged, aren't we?"

"Of course," admitted Ruth, rather tremulously. "But I told you it would be a long time before we could announce it. It is still less than four months since Doug died in Germany, and you must give me time."

"Fahaw," said the boy, carelessly, disregarding her feelings. "You talk just as if you were a widow."

Bert Weaver smiled the proud smile of possession, and stretched his arms complacently. Then he took a small box from his pocket. He opened the box. A bright diamond flashed before Ruth's eyes. She took the bauble eagerly and was happy.

"That's a bit larger than the ring Doug Adams gave you, isn't it?" said Bert. There was a tone of triumph in his voice, as though he were proud that the diamond-ring for his fiancée was larger and better than the one given her by the rival whom he could no longer fear in real life. Ruth passed over the implied slight.

"Oh, it's beautiful," she murmured, as Bert took it from the box and slipped it upon her finger. "You must have spent a fortune on it, you naughty boy."

"Seems rather fancy to you, doesn't it, my Dad and I occupying the same offices Douglas Adams had when he was engaged to you and you used to visit him?" Bert laughed with a slight sneer.

"Please, Bert"—there was a tremor in her voice—"don't talk that way."

Young Weaver pointed to the gold star on her sleeve.

"How much longer do you have to wear that thing?" he asked.

"I don't want to wear it," Bert said. Ruth dropped into a chair, overcome by her thoughts. "It makes me feel like a horrible hypocrite. Of course, I was fond of Doug, but now he's dead and—well, life is for the living, isn't it? The fact that Doug Adams

went to war, and you didn't, ought to make us doubly careful what we do."

Young Weaver frowned. "Oh, I say, Ruth, is that quite fair?"

"I don't say it's fair, Bert, but you know what people are nowadays. I've heard some rather unkind remarks passed myself. You see, every one doesn't know you as well as I do."

But before Bert could frame a suitable answer, there was a cheery whistle in the hall, and a bit of a commotion. Then, carrying a stepladder and with a bundle under one arm, little Midge Monahan came breezily into the room.

Midge Monahan, fresh, vivacious, pert and pretty, the Irish niece of old Dan Monahan, inventor of a hundred useless devices, kept the boarding house for her uncle. She was a newcomer to Clinton Falls, having been there less than a year. She came to Dan Monahan's to run things for him when his wife died, and with a firm and decisive hand she had put the boarding house on a paying basis.

"Oh, excuse me," said Midge, coldly, upon seeing Bert Weaver, for, with all the other girls in the village, she felt an honest contempt for the young stunner who should have gone abroad with the rest of the town's contingent. "I just came in to hang up the service flag."

Bert turned to Ruth. "So they call me a slacker, do they?" he repeated somewhat angrily. "Well, it wasn't my fault that fool doctor told me I had something the matter with my feet."

Midge gave a little chuckle. "I guess he saw you dance," she jeered.

"I wasn't talking to you," retorted Bert, losing his temper slightly.

"Oh, excuse me for butting in on a private conversation," said Midge, with extreme politeness, "but I had never heard before why it was that Mr. Weaver didn't join the army. I

had an idea that the trouble with his feet was that they were cold."

"Is that so?" Bert controlled his voice with difficulty. "Why, when the second draft came, and the army doctors passed me in spite of my feet, I was tickled to death. It wasn't my fault the Germans laid down and quit."

Midge, halfway up the ladder with the service flag, surveyed him scornfully.

"Be careful you don't strain your self overheating," she advised. "It would be pretty tough if you became a casualty after the war is all over."

Ruth once more smoothed over a difficult situation. "Now, don't make fun of him any more," she said. "The going downstairs to get some of the dogwood blossoms the children have been gathering. Will you help me, Bert?"

"Sure," young Weaver replied, anxious to get away from the sharp-tongued Midge, but that mink, already seated on the top of the ladder, raised a hand.

"You wait here, Bert," she said, "and hand me the hammer and tacks so I can fix up the service flag."

Ruth, with a little laugh, ran from the room, while Bert Weaver, grudgingly performed the service asked. Midge, with hammer and tacks, surveyed him from the top of the stepladder.

"You know, it's funny how small you look to me from up here," she observed.

"Naturally," answered Bert. "Honestly, you don't seem much bigger than a molehockus," continued the girl, mischievously.

"What's a molehockus?" inquired the unsuspecting Bert.

"A molehockus," replied Midge, earnestly, "is an animal which is in the den, what the flea is to the dog."

Bert grunted. "Humph—I suppose you think that's funny?"  
(To Be Continued.)

## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Scherer

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MY MOTHER.



She is the woman I most adore.  
The one who always waits at the door,  
Whether right or wrong, she takes my part,  
And always holds me close to her heart.

She is the one, I will do anything for  
After doing a good deed, I am ready  
To do more,  
I am ready to die, so that she may

live,  
Nothing is too great for me to give.  
Anything I possess I would sacrifice,  
For any wrong she did I'd pay the price,  
All that she craves and all that she wishes  
Can never equal her precious kisses.  
By EMIL AGONCI, aged fourteen,  
Bronx.

## THIS WILL INTEREST THE BOYS.

My dear Miss Scherer:  
In behalf of the Bronx Battalion, American Junior Naval and Marine Scouts, I wish to thank you for the splendid entertainment provided for our boys in conjunction with the exercises given by the "Evening World Kiddie Klub" at Luna Park on last Thursday. The boys all join in sounding the praises of the Kiddie Klub and yourself, and as a humble token of recognition of the above, the Bronx Battalion hereby extends a standing invitation to the male members of your Kiddie Klub to witness their drills and activities, which take place every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Second Field Artillery Armory, 16th Street and Franklin Avenue, the Bronx. Sincerely yours, H. M. WHITE, Major A. J. N. & M. E.

Dear Cousin Eleanor:  
Just a few lines to thank you for one grand day of my life which I hope I will not forget.  
St. Swinton certainly did hear my prayer, and before I go to bed I must say one more to thank him. I hope every little girl feels the same as I do to-night, that we have one true friend in Cousin Eleanor.  
So wishing you a hearty good night and every blessing that heaven may send you.  
I am your little cousin,  
ALMA HALBRITTO, aged twelve years.

**HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.**  
Beginning with any summer day, send your name and address to the Editor of the Evening World, 100 N. 4th St., New York City. With a letter in which you state your name, address and age, and a coupon for a pin. All children 10 to 14 years of age may become members. The pin is made of silver and is a beautiful keepsake.  
COUPON NO. 499

## Housewives' Scrapbook

WE are now urgently admonished to conserve ice. One woman asks, "How can we conserve ice in this hot weather, when everybody must have cold drinks?" The average household can conserve considerably on ice by omitting it in the drinking beverages. There can be kept just as cool if kept in close proximity to the ice, and they will be decidedly less injurious than iced drinks.

The greatest hot weather peril in diet is the excessive drinking of iced tea and iced water. Both are good if properly taken, but there are few people who partake of them in the proper manner. Iced tea is preferable to hot tea with meals, but two glasses per day are sufficient for the well-being of the average person, and then it should be sipped. If the tea is made early in the day, strained and kept in bottles in ice, there need no ice be put into the glasses.

There is no objection to ice water if it is taken slowly and in small quantities. It should never be taken when the person is in a great perspiration nor immediately after excessive exertion. It is not advisable to drink ice water at meals, as it arrests digestion, and if excessively indulged in will in time impair the digestive system. When compelled to drink it, as may be the case in restaurants, it should be drunk slowly and in moderation.

At home it should never be necessary to drink ice water. The refrigerator should be well stocked with cold water kept in covered jars and bottles. If these are kept directly against the ice they will be sufficiently cool and will quench thirst better than ice water.

Vast amounts of soft drinks are being imbued during these hot days. In many households the refrigerator is stocked out with these beverages. And then the consumers complain that they do not quench thirst. Then why drink them? There are so many things more satisfying, and they do not tax the digestive organs so severely.

There is, for instance, lemonade. If this is made up of lemon juice kept on ice and water which has been on ice, it will allay the thirst immediately and effectually. Do not spoil lemonade by putting ice into it.

Then there are the fruit juices, which can be purchased in bottled form. The loganberry juice is especially satisfying, and then there is the popular grape juice, which is a food as well as a beverage. The fruit juices from canned fruits, especially currants, are excellent added to drinking water.

Buttermilk is a highly recommended hot-weather drink. It is a food as well as a drink and decidedly nourishing. It should be kept near the ice and drunk very slowly.

Raspberry vinegar or lime juice added to cool water makes a delicious hot-weather drink, and then there is the old-fashioned mead, which can be made at home, and is a specially good thirst quencher.

If the window screens stick during the damp days just rub a little common soap both on the screen and the screen strip and the trouble will be remedied.

The white enameled furniture can be quickly cleaned with warm water in which baking soda has been dissolved. Allow one tablespoonful of the soda to a pint of water. Use a soft cloth in washing and dry quickly.

## Flowers of the States

NEARLY all the States have adopted an official flower, and in those that have not the question is up for discussion. The flowers by States follow. Cut this out and paste it in your scrapbook.

Arizona, Giant Cactus.  
Arkansas, Apple Blossom.  
California, Golden Poppy.  
Colorado, Blue Columbine.  
Connecticut, Mountain Laurel.  
Delaware, Peach Blossom.  
Florida, Orange Blossom.  
Georgia, Cherokee Rose.  
Idaho, Syringa.  
Illinois, Violet.  
Indiana, Carnation.  
Iowa, Wild Rose.  
Kansas, Sunflower.  
Kentucky, Trumpet Vine.  
Louisiana, Magnolia.  
Maine, Pine Cone and Tassel.  
Massachusetts, Mayflower.  
Michigan, Apple Blossom.  
Minnesota, Blister Root.  
Mississippi, Golden Rod.  
Montana, Sage Brush.  
Nebraska, Golden Rod.  
Nevada, Sage Brush.  
New Mexico, Cactus.  
New York, Rose.  
North Carolina, Daisy.  
North Dakota, Wild Prairie Rose.  
Ohio, Scarlet Carnation.  
Oklahoma, Mistletoe.  
Oregon, Oregon Grape.  
Rhode Island, Violet.  
South Dakota, Pasque Flower.  
Texas, Blue Bonnet.  
Utah, Sego Lily.  
Washington, Rhododendron.  
West Virginia, Indian Paint Brush.  
Wisconsin, Violet.  
Wyoming, Indian Paint Brush.

## PROHIBITION IN 1717.

On July 29, 1717, Addison, as Secretary of State, addressed a letter to the Commissioners of Customs in England, requiring them to take measures for checking the introduction of a poisoned liquor of which the British envoys at Naples and Genoa had sent home accounts. It appears from the communications of these gentlemen that this liquor, called Aqua Tofani, from the Greek woman who invented it, was introduced in large quantities into Italy, and also in part distilled there, and was extensively used as a poison. It was stated that 600 persons had been destroyed by it at Naples, and there had been many punished by death for selling and administering it. The culprits engaged in the making and sale of the liquor pretended a religious and conscientious object—they desired to keep the world in ease and quiet, by furnishing husbands with the means of getting rid of troublesome wives, fathers of unruly sons, a man of his enemy, and so forth. The Inquisitors of State, not entering at all into these views, sent the strictest measures to put down the Aqua Tofani, but apparently with only partial success.

## Leave It to Lou



## Yes, Girls; Beware of The Beach Bluebeards!

